

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery fend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolve the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?

Stew. I Madam,

Reg. Himselfe in person there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:

Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What night import my Sisters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is post'd hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Gloucesters eyes being out

To let him liue. Where he arrives, he moues

All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone

In pittie of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: Morcouer to desery

The strength o' th' Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:

The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Some things, I know not what. He loue thee much

Let me vnscale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,

I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,

She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes

To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding: Yare: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Mistis heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.

So fare you well:

If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,

Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glon. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor,

Glon. Me thinks the ground is ceuen.

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glon. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect

By your eyes anguish.

Glon. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st

In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Yare much deceiu'd: Is nothing am I chang'd

But in my Garments.

Glon. Me thinks yare better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,

Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,

The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre

Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe

Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:

Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head.

The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach

Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,

Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,

That on th' vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes

Cannot be heard so high. He looke no more,

Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight

Topple downe headlong.

Glon. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Giue me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:

For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vp right.

Glon. Let go my hand:

Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell

Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods

Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glon. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,

Is done to cure it.

Glon. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could beare it longer, and not fall

To quarrell with your great opposese willes,

My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should

Burne it selfe out. If Edgar liue, O blese him:

Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:

And yet I know no how conceit may rob

The Treasury of life, when life it selfe

Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,

By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?

Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:

Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.

What are you Sir?

Glon. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'st thou beene ought

But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,

(So many fashome downe precipitating)

Thou'dst shuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,

Ten Malts at each, make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,

Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glon. But haue I false, or no?

Edg. From the dread Summit of this Chalkie Bourne

Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre

Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Glon. Alacke, I haue no eyes:

Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit

To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the Tyrans rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme.

Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand,

Glon. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is about all strangenesse,

Vpon the crowne o' th' Chiffe. What thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glon. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes

Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,

Hornes weak'd, and waied like the enraged Sea:

It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,

Thinke that the cleere Gods, who make them Honors

Of mens Impossibilities, haue preferred thee.

Glon. I do remember now: henceforth he beare

Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe

Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,

I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say

The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?

The safer sense will ne're accomodate

His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the

King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's about Art, in that respect. Ther's your

Preffe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-

keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Look, looke, a

Moule: peace, peace, this peece of tosted Cheefe will

doe't. Ther's my Gaunter, he proue it on a Gyant.

Bring vp the browne Billes: O well flowne Bird: it's

clout, it's clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glon. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha! Conerill with a white beard? They flatter'd

me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in

my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and

no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good

Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the

winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not

peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em

out. Go too, they are not men o' their words; they told

me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.

Glon. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:

Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.

I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?

No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly

Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrine:

For Gloucesters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,

Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.

Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her

Forkes prefages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake

the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor

the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-

тите: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though

Women all about: but to the Girdle do the Gods inher-

it, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's dark-

nes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,

consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce

of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination:

There's money for thee.

Glon. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,

It smells of Mortality.

Glon. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world;

Shall so weare out to naught.

Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou

squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, he not

loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning

of it.

Glon. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,

It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glon. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your

head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-

uy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world

goes.

Glon. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world

goes, with no eyes. Look with thine eares: See how

yond Iustice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in

thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is

the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-

mers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glon. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou

might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's

obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadie, hold thy bloody

hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne

backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which

thou whip'st her. The Viceroy hangs the Cozener, Tho-

rough